

Coosen, on wednesday next our Counsel we will hold
At Windsor, so informe the Lordes:
But come your selfe with speed to vs againe,
For more is to be said and to be done,
Then out of anger can be vttered.

West. I will, my liege.

Exeunt.

Enter prince of Wales & Sir Iohn Falstaffe.

Fals. Now *Hal*, what time of day is it lad?

Prince. Thou art so fat-witted with drinking of olde sacke,
and vnbuttoning thee after supper, and sleeping vpon benches
after noone; that thou hast forgotten to demaund that truely
which thou wouldest truely know. What a deuill hast thou to
doe with the time of the day? vnles houres were cups of sacke,
and minutes capons, and clockes the tongues of Baudes, and
Dialles the signes of leaping houses, and the blessed sunne him-
selfe a faire hot wench in flame-coulered taffata; I see no rea-
son why thou shouldest be superfluous to demaunde the time
of the day.

Fals. Indeepe you come neere mee nowe *Hal*, for wee that
take purses, goe by the moone and the seuen starres, and not by
Phoebus, he, that wandring knight so faire: and I prethe sweete
wag, when thou art king, as God saue thy grace: maiestie I
should say, for grace thou wilt haue none.

Prince. What none?

Fals. No, by my troth, not so much as will serue to bee pro-
logue to an egge and butter.

Prince. Well, how then? come roundly, roundly.

Fals. Mary then, sweet wag, when thou art king, let not vs
that are squires of the nights body, bee called theeues of the
dayes beautie: let vs bee *Dianaes* forresters; gentlemen of the
shade, minions of the moone, and let men say, wee bee men of
good gouernement, being gouerned as the sea is, by our noble
and chaste mistresse the moone, vnder whose countenance we
steale.

Prince. Thou saiest well, and it holds wel too, for the fortune
of vs that are the moones men, doth ebbe and flow like the sea,
being gouerned as the sea is by the moone, as for prooffe. Now
a purse

a purse of gold most resolutely snatcht on Munday night, and
most dissolutely spent on Tuesday morning, got with swearing,
lay by, and spent with crying, bring in, now in as low an ebbe
as the foot of the ladder, and by and by in as high a flow as the
ridge of the gallowes.

Fals. By the Lord thou saist true lad, and is not my hostesse
of the tauerne a most sweet wench?

Prin. As the hony of *Hibla* my old lad of the castle, and is
not a buffe Ierkin a most sweet robe of durance?

Fals. How now, how now mad wagge, what, in thy quips
and thy quiddities? what a plague haue I to doe with a buffe
Ierkin?

Prince. Why what a poxe haue I to doe with my hostesse of
the tauerne?

Fals. Well, thou hast cald her to a reckoning many a time
and oft.

Prince. Did I euer call for thee to pay thy part?

Fals. No, ile giue thee thy due, thou hast paid all there.

Prin. Yea and else where, so far as my coyne would stretch,
and where it would not I haue vsed my credit.

Fals. Yea, and so vs'd it, that were it not here apparant that
thou art heire apparant. But I prethe sweet wag, shall there bee
gallowes standing in England when thou art king? and resolu-
tion thus subd as it is with the rustie curbe of old-father Anticke
the law, doe not thou when thou art king hang a theefe.

Prince. No, thou shalt.

Fals. Shall I? O rare! by the Lord ile be a braue iudge.

Prince. Thou iudgest false already, I meane thou shalt haue
the hanging of the theeues, and so become a rare hangman.

Fals. Well, *Hal*, well, and in some sort it iumpes with my
humour, as well as waiting in the Court I can tell you.

Prince. For obtaining offshutes?

Fals. Yea, for obtaining of suites, whereof the hangman
hath no leane wardrob. Zblood I am as malancholy as a gyf
Cat, or a lugd Beare.

Prince. Or an old Lyon, or a louers Lute.

Fals. Yea, or the drone of a Lincolnshire bagpipe.

Prince. What sayest thou to a Hare, or the malancholy of
Mocreditch?